

VOL. LXXIV. No. 1904.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, August 27th, 1913.
Copyright, 1913, by Keppler & Schwarzmann. Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

Puck



WHAT ARE THE WILD WIVES SAYING?



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
905-909 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1904. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1913
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday. - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET.

JUSTICE GERARD, the new United States Ambassador to Germany, reports that he can rent a nice house in Berlin for \$20,000, which is \$2,500 more than his salary. He doesn't plan to be extravagant at that. United States Ambassadors the world over should consult with their chief, Secretary BRYAN, as to ways and means of supplementing their incomes. If a European Chautauqua is impracticable, perhaps leaves-of-absence could be granted, so that the victims of Uncle Sam's tight-waddenedness might make a little Chautauqua hay at home.

"It is the opinion here that Col. ROOSEVELT must either go out of politics or tack to catch the political breeze."
—Washington Wire.

Tack? Beat to windward, in other words? It will be a new experience for the Colonel. He is usually favored with a fair wind astern.

POSSIBLY the Hon. HARRY THAW will double up in vaudeville with his erstwhile wife, who is dancing now for a living.

BECAUSE of the belief that many accidents to women are caused by tight skirts or high heels, Pennsylvania Railway officials have been instructed to keep a close watch on "slits" and "hobbles." Bad business for trainmen. If they do as instructed they will have eyes for nothing else, not even block-signals.

REPUBLICANS and Bull Moosers are one, says ORMSBY MCHARG, cheerily. So were the Kilkenny cats, we believe.

JOHN BULL looked the other way and Mrs. PANKHURST "escaped" from England and fled to the Continent, where she will take the

rest cure. Home-Secretary MCKENNA, in consequence, should also be able to take a rest cure at the same time.

THE ROOSEVELT GUARDS of Milwaukee, the only Jewish militia company in the State of Wisconsin, has voted to drop the Colonel's name and call itself henceforth the Hebrew Guards. Considering the well-known Hebraic profile of a Bull Moose, this is the height of ingratitude.

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS says that under the new tariff the American farmer will get cheaper barbed wire. Summer boarders in 1914 may find barbed wire alternating on the dining-room table with salt pork.

"THOMAS W. LAWSON wired to Albany that he would be one of a small group to finance Mr. SULZER's fight."
—News Sensation.

Where the limelight beams brightest, there you'll find THOMAS.

SENORA CASTRO has n't heard from her husband in two months. It may be different with the Senora, but we ourselves could go through life itself without hearing from CASTRO, and die perfectly happy.

UNCLE JOE CANNON is crouching at the starting line, getting ready to "come back" in 1914. You have to kick some people more than once to get them to take a hint.



"THEY FIT, AN' FIT, AN' FIT!"

QUEEN OF DEAD-BEATS.

MOST folks would be rather proud of an ability to owe five hundred dollars. It is given to few to taste the joys of having a thousand dollars of debt. By far the greatest number must be content to let that grocer's bill of \$12.68 stand unpaid a month over its time. So we must hand the honors of indebtedness to Princess Louise of Belgium. She owes \$3,000,000. As a runner-up of bills she leads the world. She is in no class of beats, dead or quick. Hurry with the laurel!

Louise must have worked overtime to accumulate this debt. She must have blown the kale like an intoxicated sailor, only more so, and in more important color.

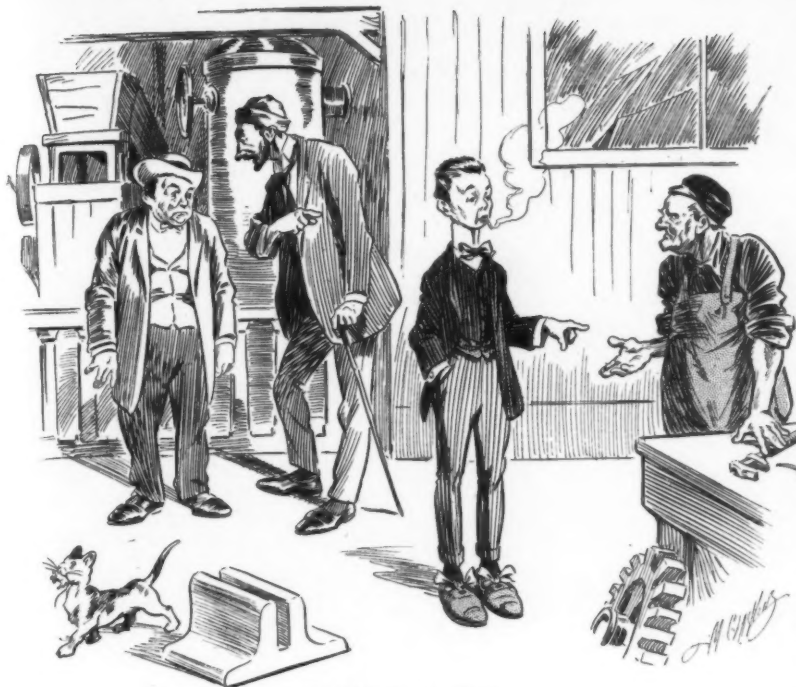
She must have bought fresh eggs in January; she must have had meat three times a day; she must have played bridge-whist. She must have attended bargain sales; she must have bought books on the instalment plan; she must have used great quantities of ice in Summer. And even with these mad expenditures, it is hard for the ordinary debtor's mind to conceive of owing \$3,000,000. Why, she must have thrown handfuls of the legal tender out the back windows, or taken the financial advice of Tom Lawson.

She will not pay. Not Louise. Not on the memory of her late father, Leopold the Sport. Where it was not a question of a tiara for a dark-eyed damsel of the footlights, Leopold used to squeeze a gold coin until it cried for mercy. Louise is said to have offered to settle for \$1,000,000. Let nobody believe it. The creditors got up the yarn. They want to be as happy as they can, even if they have to chew hasheesh and dream receipted bills. It would be unworthy of the greatest lady dead-beat in the world to settle for one cent on the million.

With this accumulation of debts there is no reason why Louise cannot live in comfort, even in luxury, the rest of her life. It would be contrary to the nature of tradesmen not to trust a person capable of owing three million dollars. It is all very well to refuse further credit to a miserable debtor who has gone in for a mere five or ten dollars, but we must humor our big spenders like Louise.

You can tell a dry-goods clerk on a railroad train by the way he fishes a pair of scissors out of his vest pocket and commences clipping the raw edges off his cuffs.

BRAINS always count, but sometimes they get mixed up in their figuring.



BY MERIT ALONE.

"That's our general superintendent—son of the president—he began at the bottom and worked up—started in as an oiler, right after he left college!"

"When was that?"

"Oh, he graduated last June!"

THE RIME.

FAIN would I write a poem on the delights of fishing; but, ah me! I cannot find a word to rime with 'angleworm,'" sighed Pisistratus, as he gazed thoughtfully into the dark, sullen waters of the sluggish stream.

"But why must you put that word at the end of a line?" queried Eucalyptus.

"Because an angleworm is always at the end of a line," hissed Pisistratus between his set teeth.

Then and for a long time it was so still that one could distinctly hear a peach blow.

A QUESTION.

SHALL I from her sweet spell depart,
Or take her for better or worse?
The choice is—shall she break my heart,
Or shall she break my purse?

THE penalty of a stolen kiss is often life-long bondage.

If you want to see the latest wrinkle in clothes, sit down on the tails of a damp coat.



FATHER'S VEST



WILL SOON



FIT



MOTHER.

E.X.

THE DECLINE OF COW-PUNCHING.

THE West is no longer wild; and if the pessimistic predictions of the high-tariff Congressmen from that section prove true, it may not long be woolly. There are folks west of Pittsburgh now that regularly wear boiled shirts and clawhammers after six P. M., and you can ask for a bottle of ginger-ale at the bar of a saloon in Red Dog or Bowie Junction and not be strung to the nearest tree by an infuriated populace. Where the stage-driver used to crack his whip over the backs of his eight horses, the Rural Free now creeps along, bearing catalogues of dress-goods and seventeen-dollar suits for men. It used to be called "The Trail." It is now a Star Route. And the best people are now so good that, even when indicted, they are usually acquitted.

So it is no wonder that Buffalo Bill, with his Wild West Show, has gone broke, and the sheriff of Denver has levied on the Main Pole. The crack of carbines, the sight of gore, the scalps of palefaces, and the pow-wow, are no longer the mode. The West listens to a new music, which is the crackle of coupons, the clink of metal money, and the soft shuffle of the cards as the dealer declares no-trumps. If a cow-puncher should ride up the main streets of those ancient border towns in these days, shooting his Colt

and declaring himself potentate, somebody would step out, slap him on the ear, and he would be fined ten dollars and costs. It may be an effeminate age; but the solemn truth must be told: the rough stuff no longer gets over.

The only typical cow-punchers left in the country, who still cling to the picturesque costume of other days, are a few fakirs selling Mexican diamonds and some side-show barkers at Coney Island. The other cow-punchers wear mercerized underwear, red ties, and work a union or eight-hour day. There is only one place of refuge for the romance of the West, and that is in the ten-cent, or common garden variety, of magazines. Arizona Jack still terrorizes a few young-lady readers in out-of-the-way farmhouses, and Herbert Dunton still draws pictures of the Tough Old Boys from memory. Otherwise the age of gunnery, punchery, and deadgulgchery are gone forever.



MONEY NO OBJECT.

EMPLOYER.—You may have a two weeks' vacation, with full pay, Jimmie!
OFFICE-BOY.—Thanks, sir. Where's a good fashionable place to go and spend six dollars?



THE AUCTION.

IB, there's our wooden cradle
A-goin' ter be sold;
It must be every single bit
Of fifty-five years old.
There goes Aunt Hannah's chest of drawers;
Say! how much did it bring?
Three dollars? Well, it's worth it, though
A clumsy-built old thing!

There's Grandma's four-post bedstead,
Two, three, four dollars, five?
What fools them city folks must be!
Why, goodness sakes alive!
I would n't give it house-room,
With its great, awkward head;
And when it comes to move to sweep,
Them posts they weigh like lead.

A quarter for them fire-irons?
Who wants such things t'-day
When folks can buy such lovely stoves?
Them city folks, you say,
Are buyin' the old poker
And tongs and shovel, too?
I wonder, when they get them home,
What they expect to do?

There's father's old high desk, and Mother's
Cushioned rocking-chair,—
One-fifty, two, three dollars?
Well, I call that very fair!
I'm grateful to this rubbish
For the solid cash it brings—
Let's go to town to-morrow
And buy some nice, new things.

Cornelia Redmond.

NEGOTIATION.

PROSPECTIVE TENANT.—Number t'irteen? It might nod be lucky to live in a house vot vas number t'irteen.

AGENT.—You don't believe in such nonsense as that?

PROSPECTIVE TENANT.—Vell, vot reduction vill you make in der rent if I take der chances?



EARLY AMERICAN "WEEK-ENDER."

FATHER HAD TO SHELL OUT THE WAMPUM THEN THE SAME AS FATHER DOES NOW.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and unless you have credit it has a bad effect on the stomach.



ONCE UPON A TIME.

I.
BELLIGERENT CONDUCTOR.—
You'll make a complaint against
me, will you? Who are you?
PASSENGER.—Who am I? I'll
tell you who I am! I'm a stock-
holder in this road!

MATRIMONIAL NOTE.

MISS ROBIN'S engagement
To Mr. Redbreast
We noted in March:
They have finished their nest.

They were married last Tuesday;—
The ceremony
Was performed by the Reverend
Chick-a-D-D.

AS TO THE RIGHTS OF NOBLEMEN.

A VISCOUNT, found sleeping one hot night on the quay under
the Tournelle Bridge in Paris, was ordered away by a *gendarme*.
He refused to budge. "I am a viscount," he protested,
"and I have a right to
sleep here if I
choose. In my flat
on the Boulevard
St. Germain sleep
is impossible."

The rights
of French no-
bility have sel-
dom been stated
more succinctly
or with more cour-
age. It is not so
much more than a
hundred years ago that
the common people were
sleeping on the quays,
and the viscounts were prod-
ding them and, through their
lackeys, requesting them to
move on. When the last Great
King went over the rapid
transit and the little people
began to assert their right to
eat meat once a day, the vis-
counts began to look for places
to sleep on the quay, and their
right to spend the night
au grand air has never been
controversied.

As time goes on, the common
people, in their turn, are likely to

SLOW PAY.
"SIR," said the
gilded youth
to his tailor, "I would
like to get another
suit. I am paying
attentions to one of
the richest girls—"
"Paying atten-
tions, hey?" asked
the tailor, scornfully.
"Well, if you are as
slow paying them as
you are me, your wed-
ding will appear as
'Another Octo-
genarian Married!'"

become intolerant. It is possi-
ble that even now the humble
members of the nobility are
being actually persecuted.
The time may come when
some hard-tempered cop will
eject a viscount from a quay,
and not only that, but in the
direction of the Seine. In view
of this human failing, it might
be well legally to provide for the
comfort of the noblemen by setting
aside a park, centrally located, for
their nocturnal hours. It should be
well provided with benches, and the
generously-inclined should now and
then toss a half-smoked cigar where it
could be found by some duke
with a real hunger for the weed.

In winter there should be a
plentiful supply of newspapers,
which are mighty warming
when a fellow wraps them
around his legs and stuffs a
couple inside his vest, if he has a vest. In such a pleasant
atmosphere, protected permanently under a sort of fish-and-game
law, the reliques could chum around and have nothing on their
minds except the time of the bread-line opening and the grandeur
that was theirs.

YOU CAN'T LOSE IT.

WHEN a man has a collar that is too small for him, it is almost
impossible for him to get rid of it. He will lay it aside,
and his wife will put it back in the drawer with the other collars.
When he goes off anywhere to remain over night, that small, tight
collar with the buzz-saw edge
is the one that will get into
his valise to make him
choke and jump in the in-
carnadined A.M. When he
returns he hides the collar
away, and after he has
forgotten about it his wife
finds it and returns it to its
original place in the bureau
drawer. She will not listen
to its being given away,
although it is useless. The
owner's only hope lies in
cutting it in half and, after
the surgical operation, in
burning it to a crisp, to
make sure that it will never
throttle him again.



NOWADAYS.

I.
CONDUCTOR.—You'll make
a complaint against me, will
you? Who are you?
PASSENGER.—Who am I?
I'll tell you who I am! I'm
a stockholder in this road!

EXPLANATORY.

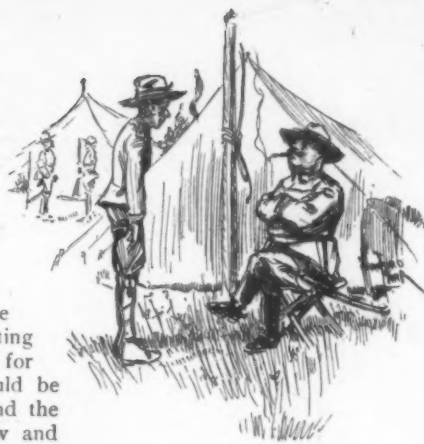
FIRST DETECTIVE
(*dubiously*).—
Well, you see, there
really is n't any evi-
dence against him.

SECOND DETEC-
TIVE.—Why did you
arrest him?

FIRST DETECTIVE.
—Well—er—there
isn't any evidence against
anybody else that we can
discover.



II.
CONDUCTOR (*derisively*).—A stockholder!
Gee! Who cares for a stockholder these
days! You're lucky if I don't put you off
the train for presuming to talk back to me!



WHEN DUTY CALLS.

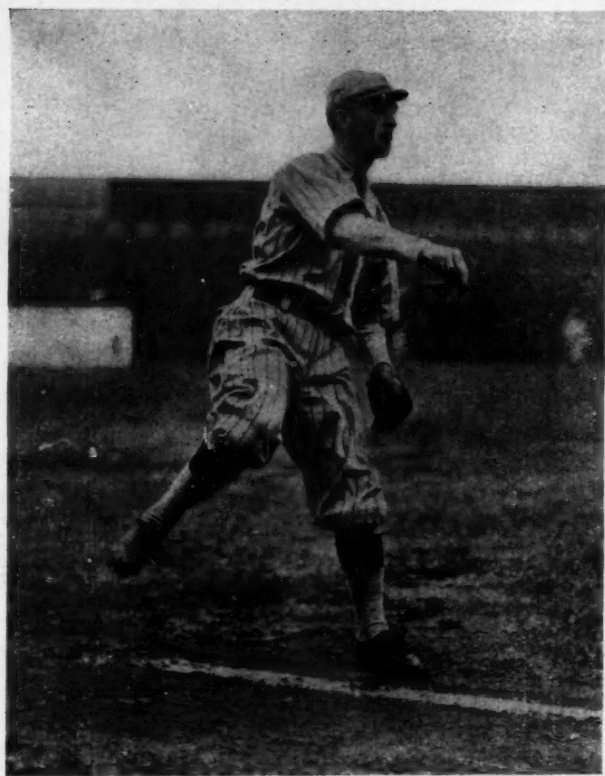
CAPTAIN.—Now, my man, if
we came suddenly upon the enemy
would you run away or follow me?
CONFUSED ROOKIE.—I—I'd
do both, sir!



THE SLIT.

MEXICAN.—The Senorita is slow.

Around the Base Ball Circuit.



Here's Byrne of Pittsburgh, Fans and such:
He's neither Indian, Pole, nor Dutch,
If one may judge by face and name,
There's still some Irish in the game.



Z is for Zimmerman, so is that bunch
Of Fans, who know Heinie is there with the punch.
Last in the alphabet order is Z,
But Zimmerman roosts in the top of the tree.

THE END OF THE SEASON.

The Last Card.

WORTHINGTON (*mère*).—Your father writes that we must leave to-morrow.
WORTHINGTON (*filie. Fifth Season*).—Yes, Mamma.

MÈRE.—Yes. Our sixth week is up, and he can keep us here no longer.

FILLE.—Mr. Gildersleeve has asked me to go for a row to-night.

MÈRE (*brightening*).—Has he really? It will be moonlight, too. What should you better wear?

FILLE.—My lavender cashmere, I believe.

MÈRE.—Very good; and throw a black-lace scarf over your head; and—Eleanor—

FILLE.—Yes, Mamma?

MÈRE.—Remember, this is quite your last card.

How It Was Played.

SHE (*dreamily, letting the water splash through her fingers*).—How lovely it all is! I could drift on like this forever.

HE (*who has been rowing*).—A little warm, is n't it?

SHE.—Do you think so? To me the air is caressingly soft. Do you know that this is my last night.

HE.—Your last?

SHE (*softly*).—Yes, we leave to-morrow.

HE.—By Jove, that's fortunate! My sister's yacht is due to-morrow. I'm waiting to join her, you know.

SHE.—Oh!

HE.—Yes; she's chaperoning three gay Baltimore girls, she writes, and there are only two men aboard, so I'm badly needed.

SHE.—You are, indeed.

HE.—Otherwise I'd be awfully sorry to have you go, Miss Worthington.

SHE.—Thanks. I'll go in now, Mr. Gildersleeve. It's so—very damp on the water.



WHEN FATHERS MEET.

BURGLAR.—Gee! He's got two teeth already! Why, that's just the same as mine!

WHAT IT MEANS.

WHEN you see several guests rush into the breakfast-room of the summer hotel before the bell rings—

When you see a young woman at the above-mentioned table, taking alternate gulps from a cup of hot coffee in one hand and a glass of ice-water in the other, in order to finish quickly without scalding herself to death—

When you see a man looking nervously out of the dining-room window, and inserting a spoonful of breakfast-food in his eye by mistake—

When you see a young man slipping his boiled eggs into his pocket to gain time by eating them outside—

When you see the boy of sixteen with bulging cheeks, three or four mouthfuls in his mouth at once, and swallowing water to force them down—

When you see the middle-aged man eating with his high hat on by mistake—

Then, Oh then, Horatio, may you wager your ultimate shekel of silver that the guests are one and all engaged in a wild race to see who shall be the first upon the campus, in order to secure the tennis court and hold it for the day.

The crow lives one hundred years, the canary twelve: Nature knew what she was about when she built the crow and the canary.

CONTRABAND.

INSPECTOR CUPID strode the deck
And gazed, a stern beholder,
At BESS, who stood where moonlight gleam'd
Like DIAN'S timid shoulder.

Odds Hearts! he cried, *there's smuggling here!*
BESS started, but dissembled;
But I, struck by his blue and gold,
Look'd guilty, and then trembled.

Enough! 'Tis very plain, said he, BESS pleaded voyage the first (but, ah!
You're confiscate to duty; Her fatal hesitation!)
LOVE'S TARIFF, SECTION ART, includes I dropped upon my knees and made
The arts of youth and beauty. A zealous declaration.

She then confessed, and CUPID hummed
The air of LESBIA'S sparrow;
And while he claimed a custom-kiss
I tipped him a new arrow.

Herbert L. Doggett.

THE MISSING LINK.

MRS. FISH gave a ball. It was at Newport. The newspapers were full of it. Everybody was there. That is, there were several hundred of the only people that count. The peasantry were, of course, not invited. One of the discomfiting things about the United States, anyway, is the large number of lower-class people. And they are so forward! Some of them are actually proposing, this very moment, to abolish the best people!

It would make these anarchist fellows feel very cheap if they could only have seen what a perfectly lovely time the nice people had at Mrs. Fish's ball. Everybody was "in character." The dancers dressed up as characters of the Mother Goose rimes, and had just the sweetest time. There were Little Bo-Peep, Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son, Jack and Jill, Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, Little Boy Blue, Little Miss Muffett, and Jack Horner. Then there were Turkish Maidens. Turkish Pilaf was not represented, according to the most reliable accounts.



"OH, MOTHER, LET'S BE CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS!"



NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED.

FERDY.—You are not like most of the other girls I know!
SYLVIA (*very softly*).—No?
FERDY.—No, indeed! The others tan, but you freckle!

The nice people's costumes cost a lot of money, of course. Mrs. Fish wore a pair of slippers covered with diamonds and laced with silver. The others brought their jewels, too. They kept their eyes peeled, however, as the society of the best people is a very fine place to lose your watch or anything else you have neglected to attach to your person with a padlock. There were several *débutantes* present—and, oh my, it was a lovely time!

But one character out of Mother Goose was missing. He was probably detained. A great many of the nice young men of "our set" could have impersonated this character to the life. They could have outdone Mother Goose's delineation of his surprising and delightful *naïveté*. It was too bad not to have him there. He would have crystallized so nicely the whole meaning and spirit of the occasion. This character was Simple Simon.



A COMMENDABLE AIM.

"AND you expect," said the cynic, with a sneer, "to abolish war?"

"No," said the member of the Peace Society. "But we think it ought to be carried on exclusively by the Jingo newspapers."

THEY ACQUITTED.

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said the lawyer, impressively, "our defence is insanity. I shall show that my client once served on a jury and listened to expert testimony for four months."

STRATEGY.

MRS. JONES.—Why are you setting the alarm for half-past two? You surely don't want to get up at that time?

JONES.—No; I'd like to go to sleep at that time. When the baby hears that, he may think it's time for him to turn in.



THE PUCK PRESS.

SOME STUNT FOR SAMUEL.

HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING, BUT HE'S ON HIS WAY.

PUCK



LA BELLE ANARCHISTE.



ED as the wine whose prisoned flow
At last floods warmly into light,
Red as the passion-flower's glow
Or as autumnal crimson bright,
The flowing satin gown she wears—
Trimmed with a miracle of lace,
Within whose folds the light appears
In sanguine swirls to ebb and race.

Down from her head of winpling hair
I see bright-glinting sun-waves flow;
A mouth with dimples hovering near—
A red, warm Cupid's bow.
The wealth of color breathes a glow
Of dim blush-shadow to her cheek,
To flee before the crimson flow
That mounts there even as I speak.

And there she stands, a crimson star,
An emblem of the Anarch's creed,
A thing more dangerous by far
Than all the bombs of which we read.
She pouts, a pretty mimic scowl
Half timidly contracts her brow.
What step? What deed genteelly foul
Can she be formulating now?

But oh, Villette, I know thy art.
Its power to spread a dire distress:
The iron law shall be my part
To meet thy Anarch deadliness.

Alackaday, unhappy wight!
That law and caution came to this:
An anarchy of wild delight
Spread by the bursting of a—kiss!
Randolph C. Lewis.

A DISTINCTION.

MISS OUTERTOWN.—Isn't there a Mrs.
Skinner here who keeps boarders?
HI HUBBEL.—She takes boarders, ma'am;
but she don't keep 'em.

A VACANCY.

REPORTER.—I hear you have had trouble in
your museum?
MANAGER.—Yes. I had to discharge one of
the Siamese Twins.



WORKING HIS FINGERS TO THE BONE.



BUFFALO BILL'S FAREWELL FAREWELL PARADE.

A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS.

ON THE SHORES OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.
ABERDEEN, WASH., \$85.00 FROM BROADWAY.

DEAR PUCK:—We regret to state that your cartoon on the back cover of the issue of May 14th was erroneous. Buffalo Bill farewelled his farewell in Denver, and we who are announcing his farewell farewell ignominiously bit the dust three weeks in advance. In prophesying in the future do not oraculate so far in the advance. It is easy to Fletcherize on the diet that the advance is receiving now, viz:

BREAKFAST—COFFEE AND ROLLS.

LUNCH—AIN'T NONE.

SUPPER—COFFEE AND PIE.

Give our regards to Broadway, for the White Lights are far, far away, Sincerely yours,

THE CAR-MANAGER, THE PRESS-AGENT 16 BILLPOSTERS,
4 LITHOGRAPHERS, 1 PASTE-MAKER, 1 PORTER;
Not to mention the MASCOT (who did n't "Mask.")

SUBSTANTIAL PROSPERITY.

VISITOR.—Well, how 's business in the news-
paper line—picking up?
COUNTRY EDITOR.—Yes, sir; we can report
three big pumpkins and two jugs of cider being
laid on our table last week, as against but
one rutabaga for the corresponding period of
last year.

HER STATUS.

MRS. GABBLE.—I'm a woman of few words.
OLD GABBLE.—Yes. But you warm
'em over so often!

FILLED WITH WOE.

MISTRESS.—Bridget, did you see the dentist?
BIDDY O'GALWAY.—Yis, ma'am.
MISTRESS.—Did he pull your tooth?
BIDDY O'GALWAY.—Sure, ma'am, he did n't
lay a han' to it to pull at arl. He scooped it
out wid a wee hoe, an' thin he druv it in to
stay feriver—wid a plug on the top av it to
kape it tight. What with him upsettin' the
sate he put me in, an' tyin' a dirty bit av
an old gum-shoe in me mouth fer a bib, an'
makin' a noise the size av a coffee-mill in me
hid, I'd laver walk the flure an' scrame!

The man who returns dead-broke from his vacation is as melancholy as an open car in a heavy rain.

FROM THE PETTYVILLE PLAINDEALER.



WHEN our esteemed fellow-toiler in the journalistic vineyard, the able editor of the *Allegash Agitator*, suddenly deserted the Lares and Penates of his life-long political faith some few months ago, and announced his allegiance to the new Third Party, whatever it might turn out to be when it came into being—he confessed to the world, in a carefully-veiled defiance, that he could not forecast what might prove to be its complexion and general proclivities when it should emerge from its incubator, except that its initial peep would surely consist of two magic words; but he was for it, heart, soul, pen and scissors, let the chips fall where they might, and——”

But what we are getting at is that at that time we viewed with genuine alarm his erratic conduct and were wholly unable to account for it. Now, however, we can understand it, and we accept his defection with resignation; we have just learned that he is not in his right mind—he plays golf.

THICKER AND THINNER.

“THE plot thickens!” said the heroine in thrilled and startled tones.

“Yes, it does,” admitted the soubrette, “but the audience is becoming perceptibly thinner. Come off, and give me a chance to do my song-and-dance turn, or the house will be empty.”



WHY NOT USE THE NEW LONG EARRINGS FOR PRACTICAL PURPOSES?

AN ILLOGICAL APPEAL.

“DRINKING again, Uncle Wash!” exclaimed the minister, reproachfully. “I thought you gave me your solemn promise the last time that this should never occur again?”

“W’y, Misteh Cyartah!” cried Uncle Wash, in deep grief and astonishment, “I’s s’prised at you, ‘deed I is, sah! Dat prawmise I give you w’en I was dess p’intedly ‘toxicated! An’ you a ministeh o’ de gawspil! W’y, seh, I’d be ‘shamed, I would, to stick to all de fool tings I say w’en I’m full! W’y, you know w’at a drunken man is, seh—dess a sort o’ nawn-compass like, seh. You would n’t have a man do like he laid out to do w’en he was full ez a tick, seh. I may be nawfin’ but a old fool niggeh, seh, but I done got some self-respek lef’, seh.”

SAVED BY HIS STEPS.

MRS. STEINBERGER (at window above).—What on earth has kept you out until this time of night?

RUDESHEIMER STEINBERGER.—Sh! my dear. Been playin’ chess whizzer boys. Glorious sherish o’ games, an’——

MRS. STEINBERGER.—Well, I’ll try to believe you to-night. I notice you’ve been trying to imitate the Knight’s moves all over the sidewalk since you got to the door.



Symbols of Protection

Ancient Egyptians carved over their doorways and upon their temple walls the symbol of supernatural protection; a winged disk. It typified the light and power of the sun, brought down from on high by the wings of a bird.



Mediæval Europe, in a more practical manner, sought protection behind the solid masonry of castle walls.

In America we have approached the ideal of the Egyptians. Franklin drew electricity from the clouds and Bell harnessed it to the telephone.

Today the telephone is a means of protection more potent than the sun disk fetish and more practical than castle walls.

The Bell System has carried the telephone wires everywhere throughout the land, so that all the people are bound together for the safety and freedom of each.

This telephone protection, with electric speed, reaches the most isolated homes. Such ease of communication makes us a homogeneous people and thus fosters and protects our national ideals and political rights.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Puck Proofs PHOTOGRAVURES FROM Puck

Copyright 1910 by Kappeler & Schwarzmann




TIME, THREE A.M.—ASLEEP AT LAST.

Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

By Angus MacDonail.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send ten cts. for Fifty-page Catalogue of Reproductions in Miniature.

Address PUCK, New York



Ask Barley Farmers
who buys the cream of their Barley crops
and they will tell you Anheuser-Busch—
the brewers and agers of

Budweiser
NATURE'S NOBLEST BEVERAGE

The exclusive use of Saazer Hops, its
mildness and low percentage
of alcohol make it the favorite
Everywhere.

Bottled only at the home plant in St. Louis
Anheuser-Busch Brewery, - St. Louis

DISCOVERED.

It was a summer evening; the sky had turned
to gold;
The birds were singing merrily as they have
did of old;
The baseball player had come home to greet
his darling spouse;
The ghost had walked that day and he had
bought himself a souse.
And when he up and handed her the rem-
nants of his pay
She hooked him one upon the lamp and to
him she did say:


CHORUS.

"Kick in, dear heart, kick in again,
Come forward with the cushion,
You know it always gives me pain
To clout you with the mush.
You may have been a holdout once
And copped the magnate's tin,
But I don't fall for holdout stunts—
Kick in, dear heart, kick in!"
—Springfield Republican.

A CANNIBAL DISH.

"My dear, listen to this, and tell me
what you make of it!" exclaimed the
elderly English lady to her husband,
on her first visit to the States. She
held the hotel menu almost at arm's-
length, and spoke in a tone of horror:
"Baked Indian Pudding!" Can it
be possible in a civilized country?" —
Youth's Companion.

Ardent Lover: "Willie, dear, what does
your sister say of me?" **Willie:** "She says
you need n't come here unless you bring a
diamond, on credit, and a catalog from Loftis
Bros. & Co., Dept. D 938, Chicago, Ill.




The Drink of 1913
Gentlemen and Generations

Down through the years, for more
than a century, has lived the name
and fame of
Old Overholt Rye
"Same for 100 Years"

Mellow and of full, rich body—it
has a flavor and fragrance all its
own. The preferred whiskey of
gentlemen for over a century.

Always uniform. Aged in charred
wood and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



SALESMEN making small towns. **Whole Time**
or **Side-line**, should carry our fast selling
pocket side-line. Special sales plan allowing
return of unsold goods. Makes quick easy
sales. \$4.00 commission on each order. **SOME-**
THING ENTIRELY NEW. Write for outfit to-day.
BURD MFG. CO., 212 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

PUCK PROOFS

Copyright 1907 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



SO YOU'RE GOING HOME TO-MORROW.

Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Copyright 1907 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



ONLY FIVE MINUTES' WALK TO THE STATION

Photogravure in Carbon Black, 15 x 19 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

These are but two examples of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten
Cents for Fifty-page Catalogue of Reproductions in Miniature.

Address PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette St., New York

A GOURMAND.



BILL WAYBACK (after studying the bill of fare with interest). —'Ere,
bring me all wot's on 'ere, an' a piece o' bread! —Sydney Bulletin.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are
appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail,
25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

SUITOR (in German East Africa).—So each of your ten daughters will
receive 30,000 marks as dowry? H'm! Suppose I marry the eight youngest
of 'em? —Heitere Welt.



Celebrated HATS FALL STYLES NOW ON SALE

NEW YORK
Chicago Philadelphia
Agencies in All Principal Cities

A RECRUIT.

"A bad mess," declared the junior partner. "Lot of urgent mail to be answered, and the typewriter has just left."

"The office-boy is always fooling around that machine," suggested the senior partner. "Put him in now and let's see what he can do as a pinch-hitter."—*Pittsburgh Post*.

GROSS CARELESSNESS.

"Bill's going to sue the company for damages."

"Why, what did they do to him?"

"They blew the quittin' whistle when 'e was carryin' a 'eavy piece of iron, and 'e dropped it on 'is foot."—*Everybody's*.

A BALLAD UP TO DATE.

At the Art Club, O my Darling,
Where the lights are dim and low
And the Futurists and Cubists
Fill you with an unknown woe—

Where the nudes are pale triangles
Goo-goo-eyed Geometry;
Ears and limbs in weird rectangles
And the colors fierce to see—

At the Art Club, O my Darling,
Think not bitterly of me
That I passed in stricken silence
From that gruesome scenery—

For my heart was throbbing strangely
And my brain gone all astray;
It was best, far best, my Darling,
That I made my getaway.
—*Evening Sun*.

SUBTLE BLARNEY.

WAITRESS.—That fellow there wants
some hot water to weaken his coffee?
RESTAURANT PROPRIETOR.—Flat-
terer!—*Inter Ocean*.

A JEWEL REVEALED.

"Your husband is willing to allow
you the custody of the automobile, the
poodle, and the rubber-plant, with
liberal alimony, while he takes the
children and the phonograph."

"Stop the divorce!" sobbed the wife.
"I'll never get another husband like
that."—*Courier-Journal*.



It has a flavor as distinctive as the flavor of a choice
vintage wine. Malty and Hoppy.
Bottled at the Brewery. Send for price list.

Drink P. B. Ale

A. G. VAN NOSTRAND,
Bunker Hill Breweries, Established 1821
BOSTON, MASS.
PARK & TILFORD, New York Agents.



WIFE (to husband who, in endeavoring to get her ball from the middle
of the river, has fallen off the bridge).—That's a good idea, Archie; now
you'll easily be able to get it.—*Punch*.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit
makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail,
25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

IN THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

A frightfully henpecked Missouri man was summoned to the bedside of his
dying spouse. For forty years she had made his life a burden.

"I think I am dying, David," she said. "And before I leave you I
want to know if I shall see you in a better land."

"I think not, Nancy," he replied. "Not if I see you first!"—*Saturday
Evening Post*.

50 YEARS

OF CONSTANTLY INCREASING
POPULARITY HAVE CROWNED
THE INFALLIBLE REPUTATION OF

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE



Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

A MEAN TRICK.

"I done told dem s'picious neighbors o' mine dat I been losin' too many
chickens an' I'd have to get a shotgun."

"Did that make any difference?"

"Yassuh. Dey lef' de chickens alone, but dey come aroun' an' stole de
shotgun."—*Washington Star*.

A WIFE OBJECTS.

A woman assured her husband that she never told him an untruth and
never would. He said he did not doubt it, but hereafter would cut a notch in
the piano when he knew she had deceived him.

"No, you won't!" she said. "I'm not going to have my piano ruined!"
—*Exchange*.

Laugh and Grow Fat!

Take PUCK and Laugh!

God Helps
Those
Who Help
Themselves!

This evidently refers to
people who subscribe for

Puck



The Foremost and Most Widely Quoted Humorous Weekly

As a Home Paper PUCK will please you

- It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer does n't handle
PUCK, ask him to order
it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

Puck

NEXT WEEK.

PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send
me a liberal package of sample copies of
PUCK.

Name

Address

**HAS STOOD
THE TEST
OF AGES
AND IS STILL
THE FINEST
CORDIAL EXTANT**

At first-class Wine Merchants,
Grocers, Hotels, Cafes,
Baiter & Co., 45 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents
for United States.



PERFECTLY PLAIN.

BASS.—I suppose you think I'm a fool?

CASS.—That's what troubles me. If your supposition is correct, then you are a mind-reader, and therefore you cannot be a fool; and yet—well, you understand.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE HOOKWORM.

You've heard about the hookworm
That bothers people some,
That makes you wish
That you could fish
An' loaf till kingdom come.
An' me, I guess I've got it,
Although there's lots to do—
I've got the hook,
I've got the worm,
I've got the hookworm, too!
—*American Lumberman.*

IN THE DISCARD.

"Pa, what is a discredited statesman?"

"A politician who is so thoroughly down and out that he can't even sell a magazine article." — *Kansas City Journal.*

SHE.—Mr. Brown does not pay his wife much attention.

HE.—No. The only time I ever knew of his going out with her was one time when the gas exploded. — *Pick-Me-Up.*

Young Man: You can't win a bride with a mere promise of a diamond ring. It's up to you to get it. Send for catalog and open a charge account at Loftis Bros. & Co., Diamond Merchants, Dept. D 938, Chicago, Ill.

Lucky Is The Man

Whose vacation days are yet to come — the discomforts of mid-summer past and a supply of

Evans' Ale

to look forward to. There won't be any shortcomings or disappointment — Evans' Ale will prevent them. Ideal for all occasions.

Nearest dealer or write to

C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



A DIETETIC DITTY.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and could n't keep her;
Even in a London cell
They could n't keep her very well.
—*Cornell Widow.*

ALL THAT HAPPENED.

"Lo, Jim! Fishin'?"

"Naw. Drownin' worms." — *Harper's Weekly.*



You Should Know Your Dickens

YOUR library is not complete without a complete set of Dickens. You must have all the tales of this, the greatest story-teller of the English race. In view of the centenary celebration of the birth of Dickens, no time would be more appropriate for those who have no satisfactory set of Dickens, or none at all, to purchase that **best general library edition**, the UNIVERSITY, in fifteen splendid three-quarters leather volumes. This set contains **all the novels** of the great master. It is also **unique** in that to the text of the novels have been added critical comments, notes, etc., by prominent writers—a **feature adding immeasurably to its value.** Contributions appear from members of the Dickens family as well as from some of the most brilliant of contemporary critics. The volumes are fully illustrated throughout, each one containing a genuine photogravure frontispiece.

Hail, Dickens the Immortal!

DICKENS continues to reach the heart of humanity as does no other writer of fiction. The world still makes merry with Pickwick, shudders at the brutalities of Bill Sikes, responds with a sympathetic smile to the undaunted optimism of Micawber, and thrills at the tragic fate of Sidney Carton. "The English-reading people everywhere," says Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), "have taken Charles Dickens to their hearts and they will hold him there. God bless his memory! It shall be green for us always."

Can you afford to be without a first-class library edition of this immortal writer?

A Special Dickens Centenary Offering

3 additional Vols. FREE IN order to promote the sale of Dickens at this time, we shall present to every purchaser of the UNIVERSITY EDITION, **three additional volumes**, uniform in every respect with the novels and containing (1) a life and critical estimate of Dickens by various eminent hands; (2) the best of his letters, speeches, plays, and poems; and (3) an entire volume of miscellaneous tales and sketches, specially collected from rare and hitherto almost inaccessible sources. The three additional volumes will be presented free to all subscribers to the UNIVERSITY EDITION until further notice. The contents of these volumes **will positively not be found in any ordinary set of Dickens** and serve to make the UNIVERSITY EDITION peculiarly distinctive.

"Testimonial Bookplates" FREE

somely printed from a steel-engraving in bookplate style, and the proceeds from their sale will be turned over to descendants of the author as a testimonial to Dickens' international fame. To sets of the UNIVERSITY EDITION now purchased these bookplates will, of course, add a unique interest and value.

The Coupon Brings the Books for Free Inspection

THE books will be sent anywhere for a five-day inspection, the three additional volumes being shipped with every set. The coupon will bring the books. **Send no money at this time.** Inspect the books carefully. If you are not satisfied, return them at our expense. If you are, retain them by sending us only \$1.00 as first payment. The balance may be paid at the rate of \$2.00 a month. You will be surprised to learn that you can get the fifteen library volumes now for only \$29.50. The circumstances surrounding this offer and the unusual value given, make it something that you cannot afford to neglect. Write at once.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY

44-60 East 23rd Street

New York, N. Y.

PUCK
8-27
The
University
Society,
New York, N.Y.
Please forward
prepaid, for exami-
nation, a set of the UN-
IVERSITY DICKENS
(15 vols.) with the 3 Special
Additional Volumes, each vol-
ume to contain a Dickens Testi-
monial Bookplate. If the books
are satisfactory, I shall pay you \$1.00
within 5 days of receipt and \$2.00 per
month thereafter until the total amount,
\$29.50, has been paid. If not, I shall notify
you.

Name
Address

PUCK PROOFS

Copyright 1912 by Kiepler & Schwannmann.



THE OPTIC NERVE.

By W. E. Hill.

Proof in Carbon Black, 8 x 11 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Fifty-page Catalogue of Reproductions in Miniature.

Address PUCK

295-309 Lafayette St., New York

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

At a card-party held in this city last week some of the women were discussing woman suffrage. One of the players said she always attended suffrage meetings, and had even marched in one of the parades.

"Goodness!" exclaimed her partner. "I did n't know you went in for that sort of thing. Do you know all about politics?"

"No," replied the Suffragette, "I don't know a thing about it."

"Well, why do you do it?"

"Because it teases my husband!" — *Washington Star.*

"THESE shoes you sold me last week squeak so that they keep me awake nights," said the customer, entering the shoe-store.

"My dear sir," replied the shoe-dealer, reassuringly, "you should n't sleep in them." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

GOOD OLD I.W.

HARPER

WHISKEY

**Famous
the World Over**

For its exquisite flavor.
The choice of all men
who know good whiskey.

BERNHHEIM DISTILLING CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

SHE.—Jack, when we are married I must have three servants.

HE.—You shall have twenty, dear—but not all at the same time.—*Ex.*

STELLA.—Did you understand the game?

BELLA.—I don't remember much, except that it was all settled by a man they called the vampire.—*The Sun.*



The Man who put the EES in FEET

Look for This Trade-Mark
Picture on the Label
when buying

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic Powder to be shaken into the shoes for Tender, Aching, Swollen Feet. The standard remedy for the feet for a Quarter Century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

MR. GAZIP.—That romantic Miss Passé says there is a secret connected with her birth.

MISS PICKLES.—So I've heard. It's the date.—*The Globe.*

"POVERTY may be a blessing in disguise."

"No doubt," replied Miss Cayenne, "but it is such a small blessing and such a big disguise."—*Washington Star.*

Imperial
Gold Label
Beer

Bottled only by the Brewers
Beadleston & Woerz,
NEW YORK

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Heccker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

Try One of Our Dry Varieties

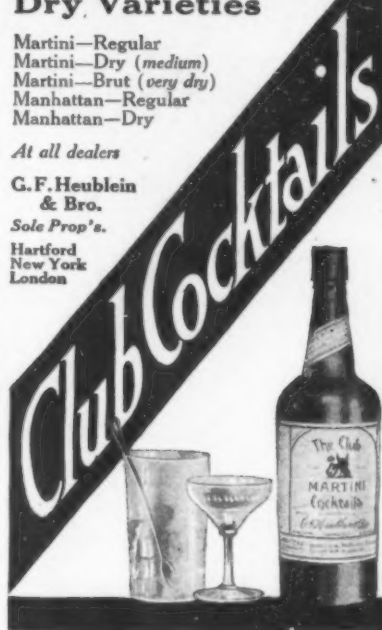
Martini—Regular
Martini—Dry (medium)
Martini—Brut (very dry)
Manhattan—Regular
Manhattan—Dry

At all dealers

G. F. Heublein
& Bro.

Sole Prop's.

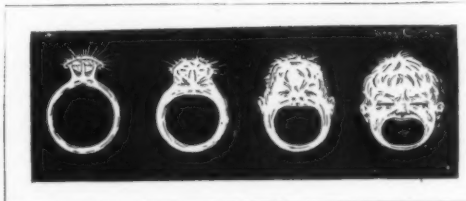
Hartford
New York
London



PUCK PROOFS

Photogravures
From PUCK....

CUTTY CUT, 1901, BY REPPEN & SLYWARTZEN



EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

By Shef. Clarke.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Fifty-page Catalog of Reproductions in Miniature.

Address PUCK, - - - - - 295-309 Lafayette St., New York.

NOT VERY CLOSE.
"Are you related to Barney Sullivan?" Patrick Sullivan was once asked.
"Very distantly," replied Patrick.
"I was me mother's first child, and Barney was the sivinteenth."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

GENUINE PITY.
"Mr. and Mrs. Whiffer never have any arguments."
"How does that happen?"
"Mr. Whiffer won't argue."
"The poor woman!"—*Age-Herald.*

CONCURRING.
HE.—As I was saying, Miss Maymie, when I start out to do a thing I stay on the job. I'm no quitter!
SHE (with a weary yawn).—Don't I know it!—*Baltimore American.*

ARTISTS

Stop that everlasting dipping.
Use a COOMBS
AUTOMATIC INDIA
INK FOUNTAIN PEN—
the only pen that flows India Ink freely. It won't clog. It can't clog or thicken. Every Artist, Illustrator and Cartoonist needs it. Special Price, \$2.00 postpaid. Order today—money back if you say the word. Descriptive circular FREE.
COOMBS INDIA INK FOUNTAIN PEN CO.,
229 Nat'l Reserve Bank Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

AWARDING THE PRIZES.



"Second prize for drawing! Poor little devil! Do you want to die of hunger?"—*Le Rire.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.



Shanahan's Old Shebeen;

OR,

"THE MORNIN'S MORNIN'."

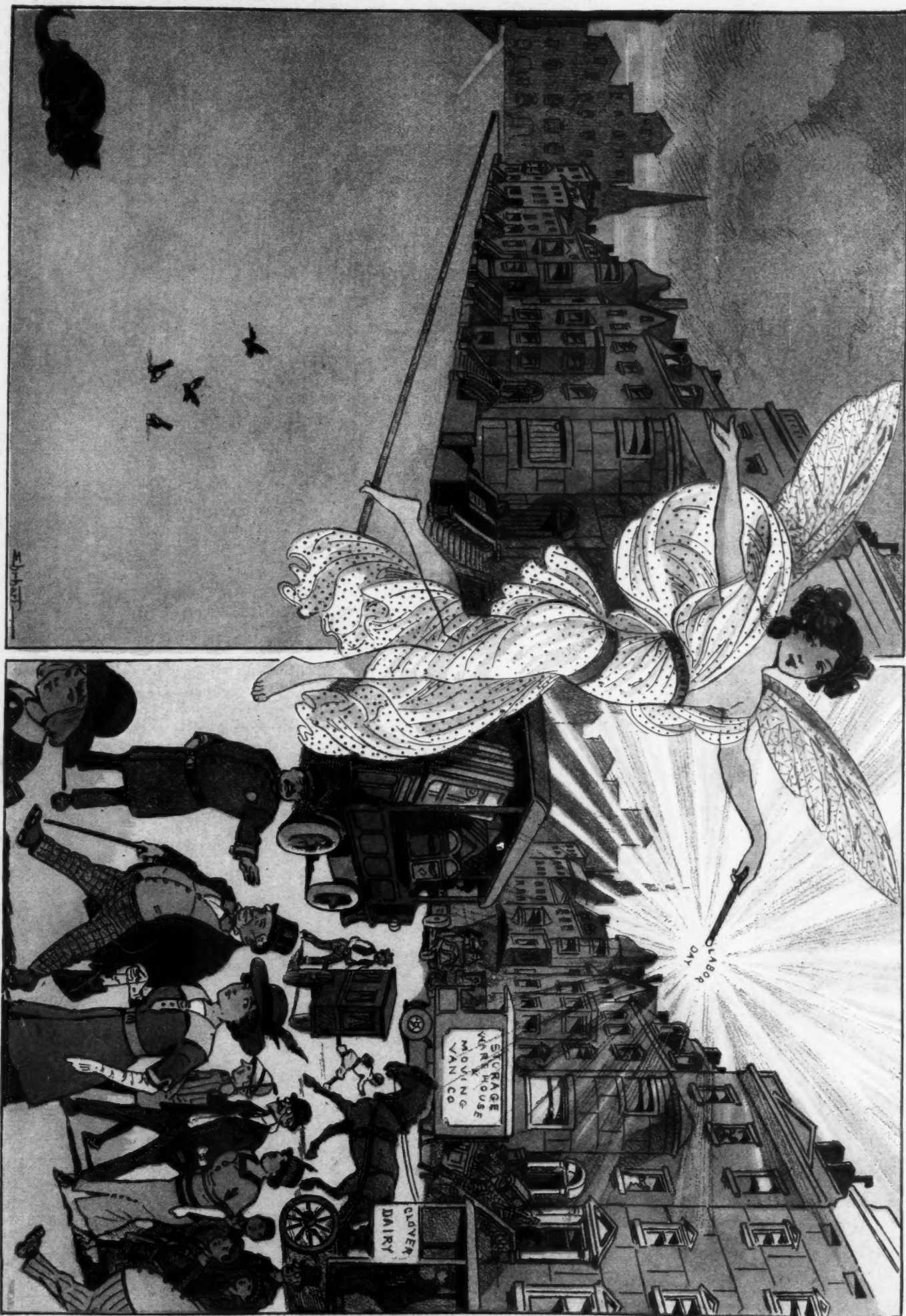
By Gerald Brennan.

IN response to the many requests from our readers for copies of this famous poem, which appeared in PUCK several years ago, we have issued it as a Booklet, in large, readable type, with the original illustrations, at

TEN CENTS PER COPY

Admirers of "Shanahan's Old Shebeen" will appreciate the opportunity to secure copies in handy pocket form. For sale by all booksellers and news-dealers, or mailed postpaid on receipt of price. Address

PUCK :: :: 295-309 Lafayette Street, New York



THE MAGIC WAND.

One touch, and Presto! See what happens to the deserted city street!